

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPISODE 8

"Mummy on the Orient Express"

by

JAMIE MATHIESON

DRAFT 1

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 4)

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FADE IN:

1 INT. STORAGE CAR - DAY

1

A dingy wooden train carriage full of crates. It's slightly rocking and we can hear the clack of train wheels on tracks. Everything telling us we're in an old school train. Then another noise, the groaning wheeze of the TARDIS.

It materialises, a beat, then the doors open and THE DOCTOR and CLARA step out. They're both dressed for the 1920's, CLARA a little 'Clara Bow', THE DOCTOR in tails. They're mid conversation, CLARA laying down the law, THE DOCTOR grumpy.

CLARA

So. Repeat after me: 'We're on holiday.'

THE DOCTOR

(sulky)
'We're on holiday.'

CLARA begins to walk through the carriage, THE DOCTOR trailing.

CLARA

And I mean a *proper* break. No sneaking off to save the universe or fight aliens.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, you say that like it's all we ever do.

CLARA stops and looks incredulously at THE DOCTOR, who looks innocent.

THE DOCTOR

What? (Beat) And anyway, isn't some of that at least a *teeny* bit fun?

CLARA looks grudging.

CLARA

It can be. I suppose. In between the running and the terror. Sometimes I'll risk *my* life. Sometimes you'll risk *your* life.

THE DOCTOR

You see: fun!

CLARA

And sometimes, just to mix it up, *you'll* risk *my* life.

A beat. There is an issue here and they both know it. THE DOCTOR looks awkward and tries to deflect.

THE DOCTOR

Yay! We're on holiday! We can go hiking. Work on the tan. Rent a moped.

CLARA rolls her eyes at the obvious deflection then lets the issue slide.

CLARA

Yeah. And who knows? You might even enjoy it. A nice relaxing break on the Orient Express -

THE DOCTOR darts ahead to open the door -

CUT TO:

2 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. DANCE CAR - DAY** 2

- our point of view whizzes through the room outside, away from THE DOCTOR and CLARA. The room is far too wide to be on a normal train. We get a glimpse of dozens of PASSENGERS seated for a meal in a very posh dining room, part of which is themed like an art deco Jazz club complete with JAZZ TRIO. Our point of view passes out of a window -

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY** 3

- and pulls back at speed to reveal the 'train' in question. It's a huge art deco steampunk approximation of a train barrelling through space. Double deckered, covered in visible brass piping. It's gigantic wheels are spinning, travelling on glittering tracks that fade into existence before it and disappear behind it. It even has a massive plume of steam and smoke belching from a smokestack.

A dazzling nebula sits behind it.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. DANCE CAR - DAY** 4

Crash back to CLARA and THE DOCTOR, who is presenting the train with a magician's flourish.

THE DOCTOR

- in space!

CLARA glances from the windows and looks witheringly at THE DOCTOR.

CLARA

You just had to, didn't you?

THE DOCTOR strides through the room, loving it. A sullen CLARA in his wake. We get a clearer idea of the room, partly given over to DINERS, partly to DANCERS.

A JAZZ TRIO in the corner plays. WAITERS glide through with trays of finger food. Most of what's happening wouldn't look out of place in the 1920's.

They are also train GUARDS in evidence. They have holster mounted pistols, but are so stylized they feel like ornament.

THE DOCTOR

Trust me. You're gonna love this. It's an utterly faithful recreation of the original Orient Express. (Beat) Only much, much bigger. And in space. And in the future. And the rails are actually hyperspace ribbons. But in every other respect: identical.

CLARA

So it's a sort of historical re-enactment thing?

CLARA accepts a small pastry from a passing WAITER's tray.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. *Painstaking* attention to detail.

Then a huge nine foot tall ALIEN shambles by in arcing electrical armour.

THE DOCTOR

Most of the time.

Then the JAZZ TRIO reach the chorus and we realise it's a jazz cover of Umbrella by Rihanna.

SINGER

Under my umbrella- ella - ella. Ey.
Ey.

THE DOCTOR

Oh who I am kidding? They're all over the shop.

CLARA is eating a small pastry cup taken from a WAITER's tray. She reacts with pleasure as she chews.

CLARA

Well the food's pretty amazing. That's something.

THE DOCTOR, annoyed, stops the same WAITER and takes a pastry.

THE DOCTOR

Case in point: a train with amazing food? That's a travesty.

He bites into it, annoyed.

CLARA
(to WAITER)
Excuse me, what are we eating?

WAITER
Venusian slug brains madam.

CLARA and THE DOCTOR meet each other's eye, then wordlessly take napkins from the waiters tray, spit into them and bin them. THE DOCTOR's suddenly really happy.

THE DOCTOR
Absolutely disgusting. That's more like it! Well done.

THE DOCTOR claps the WAITER on the shoulder, who looks confused.

CLARA has picked up a brochure. Grudging.

CLARA
'Whistle stop tour of the Seven Wonders of the Universe.' Well that doesn't sound too bad I suppose.

THE DOCTOR
That's the spirit: grudging half-baked acceptance. I'll take it!

THE DOCTOR holds out his elbow and CLARA snorts a laugh and puts her arm through. And arm in arm THE DOCTOR and CLARA move from the carriage.

We move past them into the train, as the music fades away.

CUT TO:

5 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. VARIOUS - DAY** 5

With a slow rising feeling of creeping dread we cross fade through the length of the train, sleeping quarters, kitchens, storage cars -

CUT TO:

6 **INT. VAULT DOOR - DAY** 6

- to finally stop on a metal wall completely blocking the width of the train. It looks like a futuristic bank vault door and is covered in stencilled warnings; 'WARNING: PRIVATE COMPANY PROPERTY' 'ORIENT TRANSGALACTIC' 'GO NO FURTHER'. 'Breaking this seal is a criminal act'.

We move to a close up of the top of the door. Set into some intricate scrollwork we find a incongruous red jewel. It begins to glow.

There is a shimmer on the ground before it, then a FIGURE appears. This is the FORETOLD, but so far only in silhouette: hunched over, zombie like.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. DANCE CAR - DAY**

7

Back in the dance car. Happy music plays. The calm before the storm. A table of chattering DINERS, including MRS FANSHAW, an octogenarian partly built into a futuristic wheel chair. She's sipping some soup, then squints to the other side of the room.

Close on bandaged feet dragging themselves across the carpet: the FORETOLD.

Back with MRS FANSHAW.

MRS FANSHAW

Is there some sort of fancy dress thing on this evening?

Revealed, her fifty something daughter PIPPA.

PIPPA

I don't think so. Why do you ask?

MRS FANSHAW

That fella over there. Dressed as a mummy monster thing.

PIPPA turns to look where MRS FANSHAW is pointing, but aside from seated DINERS and a MAITRE D off to one side, there's no-one there.

PIPPA

Who do you mean? I can't see him.

MRS FANSHAW

What? He's right there. Walking towards us. He looks a sight.

We're now looking over the shoulder of the shambling FORETOLD as it drags itself toward MRS FANSHAW, arms outstretched in the classic fashion. We haven't yet seen it's face but it appears to be a classic mummy. Rotting leathery fingers peep through the bandages. Unseen by everyone but MRS FANSHAW.

Again, we see PIPPA's point of view: nothing. DINERS laugh.

PIPPA

Mamar. There's no-one there. Are you feeling okay?

MRS FANSHAW has a sudden flash of fear. She frantically tries to make sense of things.

MRS FANSHAW

I won't be made a fool of. That's enough now. You can tell him to stop.

PIPPA

Mama there's no-one there. You're worrying me. Do you want one of your pills?

The FORETOLD is almost upon them. The bandages covering it's hands begin to unravel and spiral toward MRS FANSHAW like snakes. She begins to scream and recoils in her wheelchair. She claws at the table cloth. Plates clatter and smash.

MRS FANSHAW

Oh no! Get it off! Get it off!

The bandages wind around her head, covering her mouth, suffocating her. The FORETOLD is looming over her.

But from everyone else's point of view, MRS FANSHAW is alone, having some sort of fit.

Close on our first look at the FORETOLD's face. A vision of horror: skull shrink-wrapped in bandages, eyes and mouth hollow, but the bandages have partly rotted away revealing leathery flesh and teeth.

OPENING TITLES

8 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS. FORTRESS OF RISKAR - DAY**

8

Close on the face of our tour guide and train captain, (30) MR CARNIVAL; plastic, blankly smiling as he parrots his spiel. Stanley Tucci in the Hunger Games.

MR CARNIVAL

Welcome to the Fortress of Riskar, the first Wonder of the Universe!

As he carries on we reveal the fortress; a towering ancient castle, now half ruined but what's left is bristling with spikes and massive gargoyles. Insanely big - this is a Wonder after all. It looms up from a sandy plain on a desert planet.

The train has landed next to it on what appears to be a purpose built train platform. A group of PASSENGERS including THE DOCTOR and CLARA are in a tour group listening to MR CARNIVAL's spiel. Some fan their faces. Panama hats and beige flannel here and there. Very 'Death on the Nile'.

MR CARNIVAL

Legend has it that the Riskar were a mighty warrior race, whose fearsome armour and impenetrable fortress made them the scourge of the planet.

THE DOCTOR
(sotto to CLARA)
'Legend has it' meaning 'we don't
really know'.

CLARA
(sotto)
Shh.

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
Just saying. We could always nip back
in time and just *ask* them. Or see this
actually get built. (Rising
excitement) Or *destroyed*. Wouldn't
that be cool? What do you say?

CLARA
(sotto)
Or, we could experience things in the
right order for once...

THE DOCTOR kicks at a bit of debris, hands in pockets. Bored
schoolboy. Frustrated.

THE DOCTOR's eyes are caught by a sealed floating stretcher
being taken from the train into a nearby ambulance ship badged
with a red cross. A tearful PIPPA, the daughter of the deceased
MRS FANSHAW is in attendance. THE DOCTOR's eyes narrow. He
smells a mystery. CLARA reads his expression.

CLARA
Sometimes people do just die you know.
She was over a hundred.

THE DOCTOR
A mere spring chicken!

CLARA
Look, I know you really *want* some
mystery to get your teeth into.

THE DOCTOR
How dare you! I am wounded that you
would -

CLARA
And I did see you taking that security
camera to bits this morning.

THE DOCTOR looks a little guilty.

THE DOCTOR
Ah. Well in my defence their cameras
are suspiciously over specced. The
amount of frequencies they detect -
what? What are you doing?

This is because CLARA is holding out her hand expectantly.

CLARA

Helping you relax. Come on. Hand it over.

THE DOCTOR

Hand what over?

CLARA

You know *exactly* what.

THE DOCTOR sags, reaches into his pocket and hands over a bright wooden yo-yo.

THE DOCTOR

I'm going to miss it, but you're right.

CLARA raises her eyebrows and meaningfully jerks her open palm: 'give'. THE DOCTOR sags and reaches into another pocket and begins to pull out connected flags of the world. (The flag for Gallifrey should be in there somewhere)

CLARA

I'm serious.

THE DOCTOR sags, shoves the flags back in and pulls out the sonic screwdriver. He hands it over. CLARA pockets it and the yoyo.

CLARA

And promise me you'll try to chill out a bit.

THE DOCTOR looks conflicted but finally sags.

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Fine. But for that I will need the yo-yo.

CLARA hands it back and they stand squinting up at the monolithic fortress above them, THE DOCTOR yoyoing absently.

THE DOCTOR

I'm sure I played cards with a Riskar once. Terrible racist. And very timid. Doesn't exactly square with all this.

MAISIE (O.S.)

Or maybe those scared by the world build the biggest castles.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA turn to find the jolly twinkling MAISIE, (40).

MAISIE

Sorry, very rude. Just excited to see new faces. I'm Professor Pitt.
(Corrects) Maisie.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA shake hands.

CLARA

I'm Clara and this is the Doctor.

MAISIE

Ah, another one.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, another what?

MAISIE

Oh we've got Doctors and Professors coming out of our ears on this trip.

THE DOCTOR

Intriguing.

CLARA

(sotto)
Stop it.

MAISIE

We've got all sorts; biology, optics, mythology.

As MAISIE points them out, we whip pan through some of our cast; strong female DR CLARKE (biology) the pompous male PROF WAGSTAFF (optics) the kindly male PROF MOORHOUSE (mythology).

MAISIE

So what are you a Doctor of?

Before THE DOCTOR can answer he is cut off by the approach of GENERAL QUELL. (50). Walrus moustache and mutton chops, futuristic monocle, medals, epaulets, red cheeks and permanently half cut.

GENERAL QUELL

Field Doctor unless I miss my guess.
You have all the bearing of a military man.

THE DOCTOR

Have I? I really must get that looked at.

MAISIE sours. Obviously not a fan.

MAISIE

Doctor, Clara: may I present General Quell.

GENERAL QUELL shakes hands with THE DOCTOR and ignores CLARA, in the process blocking CLARA and MAISIE with his body, cutting them off from THE DOCTOR.

GENERAL QUELL
I've seen a little action myself.

THE DOCTOR
Get away!

GENERAL QUELL
Tollmore uprising. Nasty business.
Took one in the leg at Melench.

With THE DOCTOR monopolised by GENERAL QUELL, we move to a sidebar with MAISIE and CLARA.

MAISIE
So were you on board during last night's tragedy?

CLARA
Yes. Very sad.

MAISIE looks around for witnesses, then leans in conspiratorially.

MAISIE
(sotto)
Did you hear what she saw? Just before she died?

We cut back to THE DOCTOR and GENERAL QUELL.

GENERAL QUELL
Do you follow the war Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
No. It tends to follow me.

GENERAL QUELL
Do you miss it at all? The thrill of battle?

THE DOCTOR looks sour, as if this question has really hit home. Is that why he's restless?

Back to MAISIE and CLARA, who is looking worried.

MAISIE
I hope I haven't alarmed you.

CLARA
(sotto)
No. It's just the Doctor can get a bit... carried away with this kind of thing. I'd really appreciate it if you didn't mention it to him.

MAISIE mimes zipping her mouth.

MAISIE

Quite understand. Mum's the word. Or
Mummy eh? Ha. Ha. (beat) Sorry.

We move to a close up of THE DOCTOR talking to GENERAL QUELL,
who is also leaning in conspiratorially.

GENERAL QUELL

(sotto)
- this monster, looming over her. That
no-one else could see. Damndest thing.

THE DOCTOR

Really?

THE DOCTOR looks excited, then immediately blanks his
expression as he catches CLARA's eye. They both smile bland
smiles at one another. Nothing to see here.

MAISIE

(sotto)
Probably better not mention that
mystery door either then.

A beat, then CLARA turns to MAISIE.

CLARA

(sotto)
The *what*?

FADE TO:

9 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT**

9

The train barrels through the dazzling light show of hyperspace
(a close cousin of the time vortex).

CUT TO:

10 **INT. CORRIDOR CCTV - NIGHT**

10

A very narrow traditional train like corridor viewed through
CCTV. Down it come THE DOCTOR and CLARA. A feeling they are
being watched.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

11

Move to the real corridor. THE DOCTOR and CLARA are both
stretching and yawning as they let themselves into neighbouring
rooms.

THE DOCTOR

Well I'm bushed. See you in the
morning, Clara.

CLARA

Night, Doctor.

CLARA pecks him on the cheek and they go into their separate rooms.

A beat of silence, then THE DOCTOR's door opens. He creeps out, closes it silently and tiptoes off down the corridor. A second later, CLARA's door opens and she creeps off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

12 INT. STORAGE CAR - NIGHT

12

A similar dingy storage area to that holding the TARDIS. The deceased Mrs Fanshaw's wheelchair, now wrapped in plastic, which THE DOCTOR has peeled back. He instinctively reaches into his pocket for his sonic then sags. Of course. Clara has it. He sighs, then activates an Ipad like control screen on the wheelchair. The word 'MALFUNCTION' is flashing. THE DOCTOR frowns, then his fingers race across the screen. Error noises sound.

PERKINS (O.S.)

Beautiful bit of kit isn't it, sir?

Stepping from the shadows, a grimy grease monkey in his fifties: PERKINS. A futuristic spin on a train engineer, with distinctive cap and dungarees.

PERKINS

The Excelsior life extender. Like driving around in a portable hospital.

THE DOCTOR stands.

THE DOCTOR

Yes well. Didn't do Mrs Fanshaw a lot of good, did it?

PERKINS

Well you've got me there, sir. Certainly got me there. Apparently it was a malfunction that killed her.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, a very unlikely one. These things have multiple fail-safes. Every single one of which just happened to fail at once in a million to one chance.

PERKINS

More like two million to one.

THE DOCTOR looks at PERKINS shrewdly. He's smarter than he looks.

THE DOCTOR

What do you know?

PERKINS

I know that when I find a man fiddling
with a machine that killed someone
it's best to play my cards close to my
chest.

THE DOCTOR smiles. Finally. Some sport.

THE DOCTOR

Really? Well, when I find a man
loitering near a machine that killed
someone I feel just the same.

A beat. They're both fighting smiles now. PERKINS holds out his
hand.

PERKINS

Perkins. Chief Engineer.

THE DOCTOR shakes his hand.

THE DOCTOR

The Doctor. Bored passenger.

PERKINS

Please to meet you Doctor. Course
there's some debate whether the cause
of death was this machine at all.

THE DOCTOR

Keep talking.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. VAULT DOOR - NIGHT**

13

Close on the sonic, now held in CLARA's hand. In her other, her
phone, being used as torch as she creeps toward the vault like
mystery barrier. Behind her is MAISIE.

MAISIE

She got lost looking for the loo,
ended up here. They didn't half make a
fuss. Threatened to throw her off.

CLARA stands before the vault door. She flips open a panel
revealing a number code pad. She manipulates the sonic.

CLARA

Okay. We'll just have a quick peep
inside then go.

MAISIE

What? You want to get in? What for?

CLARA points the sonic at the door and presses the button.

CLARA

To prove it's nothing mysterious.
Because let me tell you, he gets wind
of this we'll never hear the end of
it. And next thing you know he's got
me creeping around investigating.

MAISIE looks confused.

MAISIE

So you're creeping around
investigating to *avoid* creeping around
investigating.

CLARA

Exactly. So we open this, prove it's
full of nothing but... puppies and
jellybeans and we can get on with our
holiday.

Close on the red jewel set atop the door. It begins to glow,
unnoticed. The door makes a deep ominous clunk. CLARA stops
sonicing. She meets MAISIE's eye, then looks back at the door.

CLARA

(sotto)
Woof?

The jewel beams down at them and both MAISIE and CLARA
disappear in a hazy shimmer of energy. Left behind, the sonic,
which clatters to the ground, steaming. A beat, then a shadow
falls across the sonic.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. BAR - NIGHT**

14

Close on dice rolling. Reveal a small bar. Brass and
overstuffed leather. In one corner a futuristic dice game is
being played. A distinguished looking PROF MOORHOUSE (50s) is
drinking alone in a booth. THE DOCTOR sits opposite and holds
out his hand.

THE DOCTOR

Hello. I'm the Doctor.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Er, hello, I'm -

THE DOCTOR

Professor Emil Moorhouse, the current
authority on alien mythology. Let's
talk about mummies. Let's talk about
the Foretold.

EMIL shrugs with a smile, a little bewildered.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Okay.

THE DOCTOR

Walking portents of doom. Legend has it that if you see one, your death will soon follow.

PROF MOORHOUSE

You know your myths, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

(shrugs)

To a point. Because every now and again they turn out to be true.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Do you think this one is true?

THE DOCTOR

I think I'm bored. I think I'm sitting on a train where something potentially interesting is happening with a man that knows more than me on the subject. Which so rarely happens. So: The Foretold.

PROF MOORHOUSE smiles and leans forward.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. KITCHENS/BAR - DAY**

15

A futuristic looking kitchen. A CHEF is mopping the floor, rhythmically bobbing his head in time to music through futuristic earbuds.

A dark silhouette is approaching him from behind down a corridor. Is it the FORETOLD? The tension builds...

PROF MOORHOUSE (V.O.)

A shambling creature wrapped in bandages, which can only be seen by someone who dies soon afterwards.

The CHEF turns and looks terrified.

We cut back to THE DOCTOR and PROF MOORHOUSE.

THE DOCTOR

Define 'soon'.

PROF MOORHOUSE

(shrugs)

A few minutes perhaps. It's usually fairly swift.

THE DOCTOR

So the Foretold do nothing but appear?
Like an omen?

PROF MOORHOUSE

No. Most legends talk of the creatures
attacking, but the cause of death
always turns out to be something else.
An accident. A house collapsing. A
wild beast charging.

THE DOCTOR

What if you run?

Back with the CHEF, who is now running through crowded
kitchens. He's shouting, but we can't hear him. He pulls at the
lapels of other CHEFS and points behind him. They look
bewildered - there's nothing there. The CHEF is pulling down
racks of dishes to block the FORETOLD's progress.

PROF MOORHOUSE (V.O.)

Some accounts talk of people running.
But it never works.

CUT TO:

16 **EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT**

16

Close on a meteor, spinning in space, scale uncertain.

We then reveal the distant line of the train, side on. But it's
getting larger quickly and we realise that the meteor is
travelling toward it at speed.

PROF MOORHOUSE (V.O.)

It always turns out that they're
running toward the very thing that'll
kill them.

CUT TO:

17 **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

17

The CHEF is panting in a closed walk in freezer, a carving
knife held out before him protectively. No sign of the
FORETOLD. All he can see of the outside world is a small
frosted square.

The CHEF bats away something tickling his face in the manner of
someone absently swatting a fly. But it isn't a fly... It's
bandages, moving like snakes. The CHEF realises, turns and
screams. The FORETOLD looms over him in the freezer, bandages
already winding around his head.

We see a quick shot of the 'meteor' hitting the train.

And inside the freezer, there is a percussive crack. The CHEF
lurches, eyes glazed.

The knife clatters to the floor and the CHEF topples, suddenly alone. Revealed behind him, a smoking tiny burnt hole in the wall of the freezer.

Close on his glazed dead eye as he lies on the floor of the freezer. Right next to it, lying on the floor, the steaming 'meteor', now revealed as a tiny micrometeorite the size of a bullet.

CUT TO:

18 **INT. BAR - NIGHT**

18

Back with THE DOCTOR and PROF MOORHOUSE, who sits back, breaking the mood.

PROF MOORHOUSE

But it is, of course, just a legend.

THE DOCTOR

Of course. And Mrs Fanshaw was killed by a malfunctioning chair. Nothing supernatural. Nothing mysterious.

THE DOCTOR looks past PROF MOORHOUSE to the bar. The BARMAN is on the phone. He looks in shock at what he can hear. Other STAFF MEMBERS are hurrying through a door marked 'Private'. Something is up.

THE DOCTOR

Don't you find it odd, though?

PROF MOORHOUSE

Her death?

THE DOCTOR stands.

THE DOCTOR

No. The fact that an expert on the subject was here to witness it. Excuse me, Professor.

THE DOCTOR heads toward the 'Private' door.

CUT TO:

19 **INT. TOMB - NIGHT**

19

Darkness. We can hear the wind of travel outside (everything should aid the assumption we're still on the train).

A red jewel, identical to the earlier seen 'portal stone' lights up on the roof. CLARA and MAISIE are teleported in. MAISIE is immediately hyperventilating and clutching CLARA.

MAISIE

(sotto)

Oh no. Oh no. What happened? What happened?

CLARA flicks her torch-phone around. They're in a dusty stone walled chamber. The room is roughly the width and length of a train carriage. The stone surfaces are inlaid with dusty screens and control interfaces for later use. Lots of hieroglyphic stone buttons.

CLARA

(sotto)

It's okay. We just teleported. I think we're inside that carriage.

MAISIE

(sotto)

Are you sure?

In answer, CLARA points her torch beam to the end of the carriage where we reveal a vertical coffin-like sarcophagus standing against the far wall. It's stone but inlaid with metal and tech. It's lid is closed. Containing the mummy?

CLARA

(sotto)

I think it's a fair bet.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. FREEZER - NIGHT**

20

Close on a pair of tweezers picking up the micrometeorite.

Wider, revealing a cluster of STAFF around the CHEF's body, including a worried MR CARNIVAL and the train's MEDIC who is holding the tweezers. Also in attendance; PERKINS and MELLISH, the train's head guard. No nonsense bruiser.

MEDIC

Micrometeorite. Punctured the wall here, went straight through him like a bullet.

MR CARNIVAL is behind the scenes now. The smile is off. He's acidic.

MR CARNIVAL

(to PERKINS)

How? How could this happen?

PERKINS

(shrugs)

Freak accident. Shield grid shorted out in sector fifteen.

Course the backup kicked in a split second later, but by then of course, that little fella had got through. Million to one chance.

MR CARNIVAL

(raises voice)

Did everybody hear that? This was an accident, nothing more. And if I hear anyone spreading rumours to the contrary, they'll be getting off at the next station, termination papers in hand. Are we clear?

The STAFF mumble and nod.

MR CARNIVAL

Right. Dismissed.

The STAFF begin to shuffle out. Close on the zip of a body bag closing over the CHEF's face.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

21

MR CARNIVAL is the last one to leave the kitchens, to find THE DOCTOR leaning on the wall outside, within earshot of everything.

THE DOCTOR

I think we need to talk.

MR CARNIVAL

I'm sorry, sir. Passengers are not allowed -

THE DOCTOR produces the psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR

I'm not a passenger. I'm your worst nightmare.

MR CARNIVAL pales.

MR CARNIVAL

A mystery shopper. Oh no.

THE DOCTOR winces, then looks at the psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR

Really? *That's* your worst - okay. Fine. Yes. I am a mystery shopper. And I'm very disappointed with... your breakfast bar, I could do with an extra pillow... (clicks fingers) Oh yeah, and all the *dying*.

MR CARNIVAL shushes him and beckons him hurriedly into a nearby office.

CUT TO:

22 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

22

A plush managerial office, all dark red leather, with a framed painting of the train behind a desk. MR CARNIVAL is desperate.

MR CARNIVAL

I'm so sorry if your experience has been anything less than exemplary. We here at Orient Transgalactic strive -

THE DOCTOR

Are you a recording? Wake up man. Something is very wrong on your train. And I intend I find out what.

MR CARNIVAL

Well it is *technically* within your remit to investigate any issues you raise.

THE DOCTOR

(is it?)
Yes. It is.

MR CARNIVAL

But I must insist that you do not alarm my passengers. The Orient Express brand experience must not be tarnished.

THE DOCTOR looks irritated, but concedes.

THE DOCTOR

Ordinarily I would say: to hell with your 'Brand Experience'. But a friend of mine is on board 'Enjoying her holiday'. Which I intend to protect for as long as I can.

CUT TO:

23 INT. TOMB - DAY

23

Jump cut to MAISIE screaming in the tomb. CLARA jumps, her torch-beam dancing wildly. They talk in hissed whispers.

CLARA

What? What is it?

MAISIE

I thought I... saw something. But I think it just was my eyelash.

CLARA rolls her eyes.

CLARA

Look, we've not been killed yet. So it's either not in there or asleep.

MAISIE

Sorry. Sorry. Not good with enclosed spaces. Or dead things. Or dust.

CLARA

What are you a professor of again?

MAISIE

Archeology. (Off reaction) I know. I know. I love *reading* about it. But never that fond of actually... going *inside* things.

CLARA

So can you... decipher any of this?

MAISIE

(blasé)

Oh yes. Piece of cake. Early Riskarian pictograms.

CLARA rolls her eyes. Would have been handy to know.

CLARA

So does any of it say 'Exit' or 'Reverse teleport' by any chance?

MAISIE peers at a few panels in torchlight.

MAISIE

No. It's mainly warnings. Really... weird warnings. Like this one says: 'Germs spread diseases'. This one says 'Lock your doors or you might get'... I think that's the symbol for 'beheaded'. (Beat) It's either beheaded or... buy a hat.

MAISIE and CLARA just look at each other.

CLARA

It's no use. I've got to ring him. (Begins dialling phone) I tried to keep him out of this, but now I've got to ruin his one night off. I just hope I don't wake him.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. VARIOUS - NIGHT**

24

Smash cut to a busy dynamic montage of THE DOCTOR and PERKINS investigating various things; the body of the CHEF, the hole left by the micrometeorite, the micrometeorite, a fold out paper cross section of the train, a computer screen showing mug shots of all the PASSENGERS. THE DOCTOR has his stopwatch out timing CCTV footage of the CHEF running and MRS FANSHAW's death. THE DOCTOR thinks. We end the montage.

CUT TO:

25 **EXT. TITANS - DAY**

25

A sonic boom as the ORIENT EXPRESS bursts from hyperspace. It's path curves down toward a nearby custom made floating train platform.

It's here to view the next wonder: two insanelly big statues, miles across, floating in space. They're locked in battle, swords clashing. Behind them, asteroids float.

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. PLATFORM - DAY**

26

PASSENGERS are filing out of the train onto a viewing platform. They look impressed and take photos. MR CARNIVAL is giving his spiel.

MR CARNIVAL

Welcome to the Titans of More-osh, the second Wonder of the Universe. You will notice that the titans are facially identical, leading scholars to speculate that they symbolise an internal battle with oneself.

Some of the PASSENGERS 'Ooh' and 'Aah' at this information.

MR CARNIVAL

(hurried aside)

Or they could just be twins. We're not really sure.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. CABIN/TOMB - DAY**

27

THE DOCTOR lies in bed in his cabin, wet flannel on his forehead, sheet up to his neck. He looks ill, but he's plainly faking it, adjusting his position and the flannel for the optimum impact. He looks like a kid trying to bunk off school. He tries a few experimental moans, warming up.

An antiquity themed (but mobile) phone begins to ring on the night-stand. A jaunty classical ringtone. THE DOCTOR frowns and picks it up.

THE DOCTOR

Hello?

CLARA

(on phone)

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Clara! I'm really sorry I didn't make it to breakfast. I think I'm coming down with something -

CLARA

(on phone)

Doctor, I'm in trouble -

THE DOCTOR

- so you might have to check out this latest wonder thing yourself. I hear it's quite good.

CLARA

(on phone)

Doctor, please just list-

THE DOCTOR

Huge statues! Really huge statues! And no-one knows where they got the stone from. In an asteroid field. Come on people, it's not rocket science. Actually it probably was rocket -

CLARA

(on phone)

I'm in danger!

A beat, then THE DOCTOR leaps out of bed.

THE DOCTOR

What? Where are you?

CUT TO:

28 **INT. VAULT DOOR/TOMB - DAY**

28

THE DOCTOR stands before the vault door, phone to his ear. He pulls open the panel containing the number pad and begins punching numbers. Error noises sound.

THE DOCTOR

What were you even doing here?

CLARA and MAISIE in the tomb.

CLARA

Okay. Maybe I was doing a teeny bit of investigation.

Back with THE DOCTOR in shock.

THE DOCTOR
Clara! We were on a *break!*

CLARA
(on phone)
Can we save this till later because I *think* we might not be alone in here.
There's a sarcophagus.

THE DOCTOR freezes.

THE DOCTOR
You think the Foretold's in there?

CLARA
(on phone)
How do you know about the Foretold?

THE DOCTOR looks awkward.

THE DOCTOR
I'm sure you just mentioned it.

CLARA
(on phone)
Er, no. No I didn't. Have you been *investigating?*

THE DOCTOR
Well look who's talking!

In the tomb, MAISIE experimentally touches a hieroglyphic symbol. Lights suddenly begin flicking on, lighting up around the room in sequence.

CLARA
(to MAISIE)
What did you do?

THE DOCTOR
(on phone)
Does it really matter? We're obviously both terrible at chillaxing -

CLARA
No, not you, Doctor.

MAISIE
I opened the door. That's all. This symbol here *definitely* means 'open'.

On the face of the sarcophagus, lights illuminate hieroglyphics. The lid clicks and begins to grate open.

MAISIE
Oh.

CLARA

Doctor. The sarcophagus. It's opening.

Outside THE DOCTOR moves up a gear. He yanks at the number-pad pulling it free, exposing wiring. He begins putting wires together as if hot-wiring a car. A loud klaxon alarm begins to sound.

Inside the tomb, the darkness inside the sarcophagus is revealed, dry ice flooding out. It's so dark within, anything could be in there.

MAISIE

So this is it. We're going to die.
(Beat) I'm actually quite relaxed.

CLARA turns her phone into a torch once more and slowly raises it to point at the interior. She sags with relief, then brings the phone to her face.

CLARA

Doctor. It's okay. It's empty.

The inside of the sarcophagus looks like a cryogenic pod, all padded white leather, wall lined with tech.

Outside, THE DOCTOR still looks worried.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, just because you can't see it doesn't mean it's not there. *It just means you're not it's target.*

Even as he says this, SOMETHING is moving in the shadows behind him. Tension rises, then...

MR CARNIVAL (O.S.)

Doctor, move away from the door.

THE DOCTOR turns to discover MR CARNIVAL flanked by two armed GUARDS including MELLISH. THE DOCTOR turns back to the panel and keeps working.

THE DOCTOR

My friend's inside.

MR CARNIVAL

Then they're in trouble, too. I checked with head office. There is no 'mystery shopper' on board. Who are you really? And what are you doing on my train?

THE DOCTOR turns and fixes them with a stare. He walks toward them. Gravitas setting: maximum.

THE DOCTOR

I am the Doctor. I am a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey in the constellation of Kasterborous. I am over a thousand years old. I've seen civilizations rise and fall. Even caused a few. But today? I'm here to save this train and everyone on it.

A beat. MR CARNIVAL and the GUARDS just look at him.

CUT TO:

29 INT. CELL - DAY

29

Clang as a cell door closes, THE DOCTOR inside. The cell has straw on the floor and a couple of empty crates. MR CARNIVAL and the GUARDS face him through the bars.

THE DOCTOR

You *will* get marked down for this.

MR CARNIVAL

For the last time: you are *not* a mystery shopper.

But he looks uncertain. He strides off, GUARDS in tow. THE DOCTOR calls after them as they go.

THE DOCTOR

And seriously, who has prison cells on a luxury train? That's real mixed signals you're sending there!

But they've gone.

PERKINS (O.S.)

They're not cells. They're cages.

THE DOCTOR peers out of his cell to discover PERKINS oiling the hinges of the next cell with an old fashioned oil can.

THE DOCTOR

Perkins! Good to see you.

PERKINS

We use them to carry livestock every now and again. That whole back wall turns into a ramp. Makes it easier to hose it down.

THE DOCTOR

Come to spring me have you?

PERKINS

Fraid not, sir. Just a bit of maintenance. Someone complained about these hinges squeaking, so here I am.

THE DOCTOR sags, then looks wily.

THE DOCTOR
They complained? Really? When?

PERKINS
Four years ago. Been meaning to get
round to it.

THE DOCTOR smiles and sits on a crate. A beat.

THE DOCTOR
Could you release me?

PERKINS sits on a crate facing the cell.

PERKINS
More than my jobs worth, sir.

THE DOCTOR
There will be more deaths. You can be
sure of that.

PERKINS
That's a maybe. From an enemy we can't
see that no-one believes in.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY**

30

The PASSENGERS have finished viewing the Titans from the platform. They're re-entering the train. We move to sinister slow motion. Who will be next to die?

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
These creatures. Whatever they are,
they can sense the future in some way.
They know who is going to die. But
more than that, the causes of death
are unlikely. Improbable. Million to
one accidents.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. CELLS - DAY**

31

Back with THE DOCTOR and PERKINS.

PERKINS
Which they're somehow causing?

THE DOCTOR
Exactly. They're affecting
probability. The unlikely, suddenly
becomes a certainty.

PERKINS

So how do we stop them from stacking
the deck?

THE DOCTOR

I've got some ideas. But I need to get
to the driver's cab. Can you help me?

PERKINS

Well, even if I was to let you out of
that cell -

CUT TO:

32 INT. TRAIN. VARIOUS - DAY

32

As PERKINS talks, we whizz through the train showing the CCTV
cameras in every corner and the GUARDS he will have to get
past.

PERKINS (V.O.)

- you'd still have get past all those
security cameras. Then there's the
guards, with orders to arrest you on
sight.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CELL - DAY

33

Back to THE DOCTOR in his cell. He doesn't look confident.

THE DOCTOR

I'll think of something. Probably.

A clunk and the feeling of motion.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

34

The train is pulling off from it's platform next to the Titans,
arcing up and away.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CELL - DAY

35

Back with THE DOCTOR and PERKINS, who is fiddling with his oil
can.

PERKINS

Did you know this train actually runs
on steam? Well technically the steam's
powering a quantum storm drive but you
can't have everything.

THE DOCTOR frowns. This is relevant how?

THE DOCTOR
That's very interesting.

PERKINS
Ridiculous really. They just wanted authentic looking smoke. But then they found that smoke really looks wrong in space. Do you know how they fixed it in the end?

THE DOCTOR
Enlighten me.

PERKINS
Permanent air corridor. Around the whole train. Held there by force fields. Thirty to forty foot high on the roof. But it's still there on the sides. Seven foot or so out. The window cleaners use it. Quite a sight.

THE DOCTOR's eyes narrow. The hint of a smile.

THE DOCTOR
Because they don't use harnesses do they?

PERKINS
They don't need them sir. You can always trust the train beneath your feet.

THE DOCTOR is smiling now. He stands and considers the wall behind him.

THE DOCTOR
And I don't suppose that by chance one of your 'overdue tasks' is to fix the latch on this... ramp door thing?

PERKINS
You know sir, that's the *very next thing* on my list.

THE DOCTOR grins. He gets it. He nods.

THE DOCTOR
Thank you, Perkins.

PERKINS keeps his face carefully blank.

PERKINS
I don't know what you mean, sir.

We stay on the mock innocent face of PERKINS as we hear a blast of air, as if someone has opened the window on a plane. The noise cuts out.

Wide on the empty cell.

PERKINS
Good luck, sir.

CUT TO:

36 **EXT. TRAIN - DAY**

36

Close on the train, roaring through space, about to enter a hyperspace portal. We move past it's smokestack and over the roof, then zoom down the side to discover -

THE DOCTOR walking impossibly *on the side of the train!* Gravity is obviously set to make any surface 'down'. Dynamic hero shot as he strides toward the engine. A man on a mission.

CUT TO:

37 **INT. TRAIN. LOUNGE - DAY**

37

Inside the train, we see a PASSENGER sipping a bright green cocktail as he looks absently out of the window at the hyperspace light show. A second later THE DOCTOR walks over the window he is looking from. The PASSENGER cranes his neck to follow THE DOCTOR's walk, then looks at his glass. What has he been drinking? (The oldest joke I've ever used but I couldn't resist).

CUT TO:

38 **INT. DRIVER'S CAB - DAY**

38

A steampunk cross between a train driver's cab and a spaceship bridge. A nest of computers, copper pipes and monitors. A single DRIVER stands with his hand on a joystick. He's distracted by a tapping and looks across to discover -

THE DOCTOR, peering in through a porthole style window in a door.

THE DOCTOR
Hello there! Any chance I could borrow
your phone?

CUT TO:

39 **INT. TOMB/DRIVER'S CAB - DAY**

39

Back with CLARA and MAISIE. They seem to have managed to open a door in the side of the tomb, which is now being filled with blasted air, presumably from the exterior of the train. CLARA has her phone to one ear, a finger in her other ear.

CLARA
(shouting into phone)
Doctor?

Back with THE DOCTOR in the cab of the train, now with a steampunk telephone to his ear.

THE DOCTOR

Clara! How are you? Still alive?

CLARA

(shouting into phone)

So far. We've managed to open a door to the outside.

THE DOCTOR

Ah! Well then you can escape. They're's an air corridor around the train and a gravity switcher built into the -

Back to CLARA and MAISIE.

CLARA

(shouting)

No. Doctor, somehow I don't think that's going to help us.

Dramatic pull back from CLARA and MAISIE looking out of the door. As we pull further back we realise that the stone block of the tomb isn't in the train at all. It's actually sitting on the apex of a dark stone pyramid, in the centre of a city of similar buildings. We pull even further back and reveal that city is floating in a massive sphere of pulsing purple electrical energy. Echoes of Gallifrey's time bubble. Wind roars past the pyramid.

Back in the Driver's cab, THE DOCTOR looks ashen, receiver to his ear.

THE DOCTOR

You're not on the train. You were never on the train.

Back in the tomb, CLARA pulls shut the door. The noise of the wind ceases. She presses a button to activate speakerphone and holds the phone flat.

CLARA

We were beamed somewhere else. And Professor Pitt thinks she knows where.

MAISIE

It looks just like the ancient city of Mere on Riskar. I've seen pictures, but it totally disappeared five thousand years ago.

Back with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

This shield around the city. Is it greenish? Or purpley? Or a kind of off white beigey -

CLARA

(on phone)
It's purple. Why?

THE DOCTOR

(half to himself)
Someone has shunted the city into a pocket universe. I wonder why? (to CLARA) Well listen: don't go exploring.

CLARA

(on phone)
Yeah, absolutely no danger of that.

THE DOCTOR

Stay there. Stay safe. The TARDIS routed your call to me. Should be able to trace it.

Back with CLARA and MAISIE.

CLARA

Listen: that's not all. We think that the Foretold started here.

THE DOCTOR

(on phone)
What? Why?

CLARA

We found an advert.

THE DOCTOR frowns.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry. I thought you said 'advert'.

MAISIE has managed to activate a holographic display. Hieroglyphics scroll through the air together with a rotating image of an early version of the Foretold suit.

MAISIE

She did. It's for a 'Comfortable stylish fully enclosed surgical bodysuit'. 'Guaranteed to keep wearer safe from harm and heal any injury'

THE DOCTOR

Does it mention killing everyone that sees it?

CLARA

Strangely not.

THE DOCTOR

Still. It's too much of a coincidence.
Keep looking and maybe -

THE DOCTOR is suddenly distracted by the sound of distant gunshots on the train.

CLARA

Doctor? What was that?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. Hang on.

THE DOCTOR thumbs a monitor. It now shows a view of the main lounge. A GUARD is firing his gun looking terrified.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

40

Cut to the shocking reality. The GUARD, back to the wall, is screaming, firing his gun apparently at thin air. PASSENGERS are screaming and running away. Close on the bullets smashing crockery and exploding chairs.

GUARD

Get back! Get back!

We show his point of view: the FORETOLD is almost upon the GUARD, bandages wrapping around his head. The GUARD fires directly into the FORETOLD's chest to no effect - the bullets are passing straight through.

Then a shot ricochets twice off some brass piping and hits the GUARD in the chest. He convulses - and is suddenly alone. He collapses, dead, hand clutching his heart.

Reveal of MR CARNIVAL looking stunned. He'll have a job covering this up.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY**

41

Wide on the third wonder, a tiny sun with several orbiting asteroids contained within soap bubble spheres of air and grassy meadows on all sun facing surfaces. All connected by rope-bridge walkways. It looks like a Mario Galaxy level.

Another custom built train platform sits off to one side.

A boom as the train emerges from hyperspace, immediately dipping down toward the platform as if to land.

CUT TO:

42 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

42

MR CARNIVAL is blocking the doorway off the train with a couple of GUARDS. An angry mob of PASSENGERS, including the pompous male PROF WAGSTAFF and female DR CLARKE are queuing with suitcases for the closed exit. The train is still moving. GENERAL QUELL sits off to one side.

PROF WAGSTAFF

You couldn't pay me to stay on this train. Not a minute longer.

MR CARNIVAL

I'm sorry sir, but the next wonder is simply not equipped for onward travel.

DR CLARKE

How many more people have to die?

CUT TO:

43 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

43

The train is dipping down toward the platform, but at the last moment it peels off and begins to speed up again, moving away. A new hyperspace portal begins to open up.

We close in on the train, viewing PASSENGERS worried faces peering from the windows.

CUT TO:

44 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

44

MR CARNIVAL and the irate PASSENGERS in the lounge.

PROF WAGSTAFF

What's going on? Why haven't we stopped?

MR CARNIVAL has snapped on his false smile.

MR CARNIVAL

Technical issues. I'm sure we'll be landing soon.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Oh, I don't think we will.

MR CARNIVAL spins to discover THE DOCTOR entering the room.

MR CARNIVAL

You! This is your doing! Arrest that man!

MELLISH

I'm afraid we can't do that, sir.
Three deaths happens to be our limit
for looking the other way.

THE DOCTOR

Ooh. Nice.

MR CARNIVAL looks like he's unravelling. He snaps on a smile for the PASSENGERS, but it's brittle. Dreyfus eye twitch.

MR CARNIVAL

Terribly sorry for the inconvenience -
all part of the - we hope you have
enjoyed your - compensation forms are
available -

The GUARDS share a look of pity, then firmly move MR CARNIVAL out of the way. He blinks. This does not compute. THE DOCTOR strides forward and claps his hands.

THE DOCTOR

Ladies and gentlemen. If I could have
a moment of your time.

He already has every eye in the room. THE DOCTOR begins to pace. Poirot about to reveal the killer.

THE DOCTOR

There is a monster on board this
train. If you see it you have exactly
sixty six seconds to live. At which
point it will cause you to die in an
apparent accident.

GENERAL QUELL

The damn train's cursed!

THE DOCTOR

No, it's not. We're simply facing an
enemy that can effect chance.

DR CLARKE

What does that mean, exactly?

A beat.

THE DOCTOR

(conceding)
Okay, it means the train's cursed.

Murmurs of alarm from the PASSENGERS. THE DOCTOR raises his voice.

THE DOCTOR

But in a very *scientific measurable*
way. If *only* we had a bunch of experts
to investigate it.

And what do you know? We have! What a happy coincidence! Only thing is, I don't believe in coincidences. (Sotto) And yes, I do realise the irony.

We track along the faces of the assembled PASSENGERS as THE DOCTOR walks past them.

THE DOCTOR

Experts in alien biology, mythology, optics, physics. If I had to pick a team of people to analyse exactly what this thing is, I'd pick you guys. And you know what? I think someone has.

THE DOCTOR reaches the pompous PROF WAGSTAFF.

PROF WAGSTAFF

I hardly think so. I won my ticket in a very exclusive company raffle. Are you suggesting it was rigged?

THE DOCTOR locks eyes with PROF WAGSTAFF.

THE DOCTOR

(loudly to room)

Hands up: who here won their ticket?

A sea of hands tentatively go up. PROF WAGSTAFF looks deflated. THE DOCTOR keeps walking.

THE DOCTOR

- or were given their ticket by... their boss - (more hands go up) - or a friend, or a mysterious benefactor (more hands go up). Someone with immense power and influence has orchestrated this whole trip. They might even be on board. Oh, of course not at risk out here. Somewhere safe, say... the very well protected Coach 24. I think we need to open it up. Take a look inside.

THE DOCTOR has ended up facing PERKINS.

PERKINS

I've got a cutting torch. Take a while, but we'll get in.

THE DOCTOR

Excellent. Okay. Let's get to it.

THE DOCTOR begins to stride from the room, PERKINS in his wake.

Suddenly metal shutters slide down in sequence, blocking all doors and windows. Clunk. Clunk. Clunk. PASSENGERS scream. A beat, then panels slide back on multiple cupboards and tables.

Hydraulically moving into place, Thunderbirds style: monitors, tech, even glass chemical flasks and microscopes. The room is suddenly transformed into a high tech lab.

THE DOCTOR grins as he peers at a few of the new toys. He picks up a metal metre long ruler from a desk of tools.

THE DOCTOR

And the facade drops away. For what use are a bunch of scientists without a lab?

THE DOCTOR runs to peer up at a brass CCTV camera.

We see it's point of view, fisheyeing him.

THE DOCTOR

Well? Are you going to step out from behind the curtain? Give us our orders? (No response) Last chance? (No response) Fine.

Without warning THE DOCTOR turns to GENERAL QUELL and thrusts the ruler clean through his chest.

The other PASSENGERS gasp.

GENERAL QUELL stands there, seemingly in no pain. There is no blood visible. A beat, then he looks levelly at THE DOCTOR and begins to pull the ruler from his chest.

GENERAL QUELL

What gave it away?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, loads of things; tickets rigged for scientists, yet here you are (runs finger over medals) Obvious narcissist yet *incredibly* interested in other people. And let's be honest, your general was a *little* ripe.

GENERAL QUELL

Bit harsh.

PROF WAGSTAFF picks up a nearby handheld scanner and scans GENERAL QUELL.

THE DOCTOR

But then if you were in on it all, why would you risk being killed out here with us? Unless -

GENERAL QUELL

Unless I wasn't actually here at all. Well done.

PROF WAGSTAFF

He's a tactile hologram. Fields to simulate mass.

THE DOCTOR

So where's the real you? Hiding behind the lines in carriage 24? Now that is *method*. And more to point, *who's* the real you.

The image of GENERAL QUELL flickers and changes. It's the same man but now much thinner. Distinctly ill. Patchy hair covers his head and he's dressed in a hospital gown. From hereon he is known as ERASMUS SUCH.

ERASMUS SUCH

My name is Erasmus Such. I own the train you currently travel within. Along with several billion credits. None of which matters when you're dying.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CARRIAGE 24 - DAY

45

We see the CCTV feed of the lounge on a monitor set in banks of similar monitors, all showing views from around the train.

Pull back to reveal the rest of the room - the real interior of Carriage 24. Tanks of oxygen and medical equipment line the walls, but the room is dominated by a hospital bed containing the real ERASMUS SUCH. He's wearing a high tech CROWN INTERFACE through which he controls the hologram. His speech here is instantly echoed by the copy. (Note - the room must be large enough to contain a lot of people later).

ERASMUS SUCH

A very rare degenerative disease. I've spent the last three years -

CUT TO:

46 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

46

Back with the holographic version of ERASMUS SUCH in the lounge, continuing the speech.

ERASMUS SUCH

- searching for a cure. All for nothing.

THE DOCTOR is putting it all together.

THE DOCTOR

Then you hear about the Foretold. Mythical predictors of death.

ERASMUS SUCH

I dismissed it as nonsense at first of course. But the more I looked, the more evidence I found. Took me half my fortune and galaxy wide search before I finally found a way to bring one into this world.

THE DOCTOR

How?

ERASMUS SUCH just smiles.

THE DOCTOR

Okay. So you bring one here. Because you think... it can *cure* you?

ERASMUS' eyes suddenly take on an evangelical gleam.

ERASMUS SUCH

They're the gatekeepers. To the other world. They decide who lives and dies.

THE DOCTOR

Really? You think you can *bargain* with it? Force it to spare you?

ERASMUS SUCH walks along the line of SCIENTISTS.

ERASMUS SUCH

No. But perhaps you can. *All* of you.

DR CLARKE

And if we can't?

ERASMUS SUCH

(shrug)

Then it kills you. One by one. You don't really have a lot of choice.

PROF WAGSTAFF

Say we agree to this: How are we supposed to study a creature that we can't even see? We know nothing of it's physiology, it's species. 'A mummy in bandages' is hardly a classification.

DR CLARKE

Approximately one point eight metres tall. Humanoid.

PROF WAGSTAFF

Exactly! That's just the kind of thing we need to know.

But DR CLARKE is carrying on. Monotone. Eyes now watering from fear.

DR CLARKE

Slight stoop in posture, possibly indicative of old age or injury. Skin visible on right hand appears leathery. Ancient. Possibly decaying.

THE DOCTOR gets it. He appears at her side.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Start the clock.

PERKINS hits a button. Close on a stopwatch on a monitor counting down from 01.06. The rest of the SCIENTISTS instinctively pick up hand held scanners and equipment. ERASMUS SUCH looks quietly satisfied: they're doing as he asked. We have still not seen the FORETOLD.

THE DOCTOR

(to PASSENGERS)
Step back.

This is to get them off a rug, which THE DOCTOR whips back revealing a floor panel. THE DOCTOR snatches up an electric screwdriver and begins unscrewing the panel.

PERKINS

What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR

With a little luck, saving her life.

DR CLARKE

Bandages appear to be ten centimetres wide, standard surgical. Face partly visible through - oh God. Necrosis of skin. It's eyes are covered. Uncertain how it sees.

THE DOCTOR

You're doing great.

DR CLARKE

Shut up. Appears to have injured leg, favouring right leg while walking. Arms outstretched towards... me. Oh God.

The panel is removed to reveal a circular submarine style hatch with glass viewing panels. THE DOCTOR unscrews the central wheel and hinges it open revealing a ladder leading down.

ERASMUS SUCH

The core is sealed Doctor. If you're hoping to escape -

THE DOCTOR ignores him.

THE DOCTOR
(to DR CLARKE)
Where is it now?

DR CLARKE
Approximately twenty feet in front of
me. And closing.

The PASSENGERS scan that area. It's empty.

DR TRENT
Negative on exotics.

PROF WAGSTAFF
Negative on wave fluctuation.

THE DOCTOR walks to stand twenty feet in front of DR CLARKE. We still haven't seen the FORETOLD.

THE DOCTOR
Am I close?

Shocking reveal of the FORETOLD. It's right behind THE DOCTOR, arm outstretched, just about to touch the back of THE DOCTOR's head.

Close on THE DOCTOR's face as the FORETOLD's hand *emerges from his face!*

He's totally oblivious but DR CLARKE gasps.

DR CLARKE
It's... passing through you. Like a
hologram.

PROF WAGSTAFF
(consulting scanner)
It's not a hologram. No sign of -

DR CLARKE
(furious though terror)
I said *like* a hologram.

PERKINS
Forty seconds.

THE DOCTOR
Okay. You need to get inside that
hatch.

DR CLARKE looks worried.

DR CLARKE
Why? What's down there?

THE DOCTOR

Well whatever it is, it's got to be less scary than this, wouldn't you say?

DR CLARKE considers, then climbs down the ladder into:

CUT TO:

47 INT. ENGINE CORE - DAY

47

A narrow corridor walled with dull metal. Various closed inspection panels line the walls. Dimly lit. Spooky. The low rumble of the engine. A clunk as the hatch is closed above. DR CLARKE looks around herself with worry.

CUT TO:

48 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

48

In the room above her, THE DOCTOR is tense. PERKINS is confused.

PERKINS

Core inspection. I don't get it. I mean granted it's well protected down there, but if this thing can cause accidents, the core could still blow.

THE DOCTOR

And destroy the train? I'm willing to bet even it can't survive a Quantum implosion. It kills her - it dies.

PROF WAGSTAFF pales.

PROF WAGSTAFF

You're gambling with all of our lives.

DR CLARKE shouts up from below.

DR CLARKE (O.S.)

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

(shouted)

You're perfectly safe down there I assure you.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CORE - DAY

49

Back with the terrified DR CLARKE.

DR CLARKE

I don't think it knows that.

Reveal the FORETOLD, now inside the core, shambling toward DR CLARKE, arms outstretched.

DR CLARKE
It's here. Still coming.

CUT TO:

50 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

50

The SCIENTISTS talk over each other with theories.

PROF WAGSTAFF
Teleportation?

DR TRENT
Phasing through solid matter?

THE DOCTOR
Perhaps anchored in some way to it's
intended victim.

CUT TO:

51 INT. CORE - DAY

51

DR CLARKE is panicking.

DR CLARKE
This isn't working. I'm coming out.

DR CLARKE begins to scabble up the ladder.

CUT TO:

52 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

52

THE DOCTOR meets PERKINS' eye. DR CLARKE begins hammering on the hatch. THE DOCTOR is looking less certain.

DR CLARKE (O.S.)
Let me out! It didn't work! Let me
out!

PERKINS
Ten seconds.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
There's nothing in there that can kill
her. Nothing.

DR CLARKE (O.S.)
Let me out!

PROF WAGSTAFF
For God's sake, man. Let her out!

PERKINS

Unless you missed something. Five seconds.

THE DOCTOR

(to DR CLARKE)

Listen to me! Tell me: what you can see?!?

DR CLARKE (O.S.)

Bandages. Unravelling. Moving like snakes. Toward my face.

THE DOCTOR

Is there anything dangerous in the room?

CUT TO:

53 INT. CORE - DAY

53

DR CLARKE begins to laugh hysterically. The FORETOLD is on the ladder, arms reaching for her, bandages spooling toward her face.

DR CLARKE

No. Nothing. Nothing at all.

CUT TO:

54 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

54

PERKINS meets THE DOCTOR's eye.

PERKINS

Zero.

CUT TO:

55 INT. CORE - DAY

55

DR CLARKE's body lies crumpled at the foot of the stairs. No sign of the FORETOLD.

FADE TO:

56 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

56

THE DOCTOR looks defeated, sitting with a thousand yard stare. PERKINS sits beside him. Before them, the body of DR CLARKE with the MEDIC crouched over her. The MEDIC is scanning her corpse with a handheld medical device.

MEDIC

Massive simultaneous organ failure.
The chances of this occurring are -

THE DOCTOR

(sour)

Please. Don't quote any more odds at me.

ERASMUS SUCH looks wryly amused.

ERASMUS SUCH

Still. Should give you some data to work with.

ERASMUS SUCH saunters off. THE DOCTOR sourly watches him leave.

THE DOCTOR

(to PERKINS)

It cheated. Or I overlooked the obvious: that every step, every beat of our hearts is an exercise in probability. We're full of machines for it to break.

PERKINS

But it didn't mess with the core. You were right there.

THE DOCTOR thinks furiously.

FADE TO:

57 **INT. TOMB - DAY**

57

MAISIE and CLARA are scrolling through separate holographic displays in the tomb. Close up of hieroglyphics.

MAISIE

Lot of historical stuff. Worry about 'outsiders' - meaning anyone who wasn't from Riskar. Debates in their media about closing borders.

CLARA

You're doing great.

MAISIE

(realising)

I am, aren't I? I mean I was sure we were going to die a few hours ago. So this all just feels like a... lovely bonus, you know?

CLARA laughs, then pauses her scrolling. An image of the Foretold suit surrounded by hieroglyphics.

CLARA

Hang on. Got something. What's this?

MAISIE reads, then looks shocked.

MAISIE

I think we need to ring the Doctor.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY

58

The train barrels through the lightshow of hyperspace, then drops out into real space with a judder.

It's reached the fourth wonder, which is revealed as a Escher like arrangement of looping waterfalls cascading over massive uncut diamonds the size of mountains.

Nearby, a floating train platform.

As before, the train moves down as if to land, then curves up toward an opening hyperspace window to leave.

CUT TO:

59 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

59

The SCIENTISTS are deep into their research. Close on keyboards clacking, machinery being slotted together. All but for PROF MOORHOUSE, who looks distant.

PROF MOORHOUSE

We'll just be passing the Diamond Falls. I was looking forward to that one.

PERKINS appears at his elbow, pretending to clean the table, not meeting his eye. Throughout this scene we become aware of lots of surreptitious movement between SCIENTISTS. A plan in motion.

PERKINS

Ah, you're missing nothing, sir. Just a bunch of wet carbon with delusions of grandeur. (Motto) Listen: The Doctor and some of the other scientists are planning something. Are you interested?

PROF MOORHOUSE looks suspicious.

PROF MOORHOUSE

(sotto)

What kind of... thing?

Close on THE DOCTOR on the phone. He looks in shock.

THE DOCTOR

(into phone)

Thank you. Both of you. Stay safe.

THE DOCTOR hangs up. Almost like a sleepwalker, he approaches ERASMUS SUCH. He leans over to whisper in his ear.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)

I know... what it is.

ERASMUS SUCH looks shocked and hopeful.

FADE TO:

60 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

60

A slightly later point in time. THE DOCTOR addresses the room.

THE DOCTOR

One upon a time there was a very timid race called the Riskar. So timid in fact that they took to wearing a protective suit at all times. Filled with AI designed to keep them healthy come what may. And it worked very well. For a while.

During this speech we become aware of the SCIENTISTS surreptitiously passing components to one another, slotting them together on one particular desk. It's suddenly feeling like The Great Escape.

THE DOCTOR

But even this suit couldn't save you if you tripped off a cliff, or a piano fell on you. Accidents could still happen. Until someone had the bright idea of building a chronal engine into the suit. Capable of manipulating probability to avoid accidents.

PERKINS catches THE DOCTOR's eye and gives a surreptitious thumbs up. THE DOCTOR nods. More nods from SCIENTISTS. Things are ready.

THE DOCTOR

That was five thousand years ago. I think it's safe to assume the suit has malfunctioned a little since then.

ERASMUS SUCH

That is a *lie*. It is a *supernatural creature*.

THE DOCTOR faces up to ERASMUS SUCH.

THE DOCTOR

No. It's a broken science project. It can't save you. *We* can't save you.

ERASMUS SUCH looks wounded. Vicious through hurt.

ERASMUS SUCH
Then what use are you to me?

THE DOCTOR
That's a very good point.

On a nearby workbench is a jumble of jury rigged components attached to a screen and keyboard that the SCIENTISTS have assembled. THE DOCTOR presses enter on the keyboard. A shimmering force field appears, locking in everything but a numeric keypad, connected to the machine.

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY**

61

The train bursts out of hyperspace with a boom and almost immediately begins a steep dive toward the atmosphere of a nearby dark planet. The train looks to be speeding out of control.

CUT TO:

62 **INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

62

In the lounge, the PASSENGERS and THE DOCTOR are suddenly buffeted by turbulence.

ERASMUS SUCH
What's happening?

THE DOCTOR
We hacked the engine. We're crashing.

ERASMUS SUCH
You're bluffing.

THE DOCTOR
(as if to an idiot)
No: 'cra-shing'.

ERASMUS SUCH moves to grab the machine but recoils from the forcefield.

THE DOCTOR
Oh and that's a forcefield. Very nice work, Doctor Malone.

DOCTOR MALONE looks bashful. It was really nothing.

ERASMUS SUCH
What possible reason -

DR TRENT steps forward.

DR TRENT
We know too much. About you. About what you've done.

THE DOCTOR puts his arm around ERASMUS SUCH's shoulders and knuckles his chin.

THE DOCTOR
Meaning: you were going to kill us all
anyway, you little scamp. You *know* you
were.

ERASMUS SUCH pales. He runs to the intercom.

ERASMUS SUCH
(into intercom)
Driver? What's happening in there?

CUT TO:

63 INT. DRIVERS CAB - DAY

63

The DRIVER is frantically manipulating the controls.

DRIVER
(on intercom)
Someone else is in control, sir. We're
in a flat dive toward a planet and I'm
locked out.

ERASMUS SUCH thinks, then snatches up a gun from a GUARD's holster.

GUARD
Hey!

ERASMUS SUCH points the gun at THE DOCTOR, who is sitting looking bored, feet up, picking his teeth.

ERASMUS SUCH
Stop this. The keypad. You can enter a
code and stop this.

THE DOCTOR
The code changes every five seconds. I
couldn't even if I wanted to.

ERASMUS SUCH
That's a lie! You *must* know a way to
stop this.

THE DOCTOR stands and faces off against ERASMUS SUCH.

THE DOCTOR
No. I don't. We are all going to die.
You. Me. The Foretold. Everyone.

ERASMUS SUCH backs away as if THE DOCTOR is a monster.

ERASMUS SUCH
You're insane. This is suicide.

PROF WAGSTAFF steps between them.

PROF WAGSTAFF
No. This is choosing *how* we die.

The GUARD takes the gun back from the unresisting fingers of ERASMUS SUCH.

CUT TO:

64 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY** 64

The train is hitting the atmosphere, the front of the train orange with the heat of re-entry.

CUT TO:

65 **INT. CARRIAGE 24 - DAY** 65

The real hands of ERASMUS SUCH flick a switch and wrench off the high tech hologram 'crown'. He hurriedly begins unplugging his real body from various medical machinery.

66 **INT. LOUNGE - DAY** 66

The hologram of ERASMUS SUCH fades away.

THE DOCTOR
Right. Game on.

The SCIENTISTS all pick up machinery as if rehearsed. PERKINS approaches a metal shuttered door and magnetically attaches a clamp wired to an Ipad type touchscreen, attempting to hack the shutter. MELLISH looks confused.

MELLISH
What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR
Studying the Foretold.

PROF WAGSTAFF
But you said -

THE DOCTOR
Oh we are all about to die. But that does have one very useful side effect.

Close on THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
It *has* to appear.

Boom. The FORETOLD is suddenly shambling slowly toward THE DOCTOR. (Note - the staging is important - THE DOCTOR must have his back to the rest of the room at this point).

THE DOCTOR approaches, fascinated. The calm eye of the storm.

THE DOCTOR

And there you are. Finally we meet. I trust you can all see him? You know, being doomed and all.

PROF WAGSTAFF

Er Doctor?

THE DOCTOR turns and we reveal:

The room is full of the FORETOLD. At least a dozen of them, both male and female. All advancing on the SCIENTISTS. THE DOCTOR pales.

THE DOCTOR

Ah.

CUT TO:

67 INT. VAULT DOOR/CARRAIGE 24 - DAY

67

ERASMUS SUCH hobbles from the vault door, his real body much more decrepit. He stands under the red portal stone and teleports away.

CUT TO:

68 INT. LOUNGE/TOMB - DAY

68

Back with the SCIENTISTS and the advancing FORETOLD. THE DOCTOR looks stunned. He does his best to be casual.

THE DOCTOR

One each. That's handy. Well get to work: we have sixty six seconds to save ourselves.

PERKINS

Doctor. I hope you're right about this.

The FORETOLD are all advancing on the SCIENTISTS and THE DOCTOR, who are gradually being corralled into the centre of the room. As they back away, the SCIENTISTS scan them, overlapping observations.

DR TRENT

If they're giving out a choral signature it must be shielded.

THE DOCTOR

Are you even conscious in there? Or are you a sleeping puppet? Because we're not fighting you, are we? We're fighting your *clothes!*

PROF MOORHOUSE, mythology expert, looks overjoyed.

PROF MOORHOUSE

I can see it. It's *real*. I can die
happy now.

PERKINS looks at him as if he's mad.

PERKINS

That is *not* the plan.

PROF WAGSTAFF

Negative on ionization.

The FORETOLD are drawing closer.

THE DOCTOR

(to FORETOLD)

Listen to me! Listen to me! This train
is powered by a quantum storm drive.
In under a minute we will crash and it
will explode. *You will not survive*. On
some level *you must sense this*. Your
only chance is *that machine*.

THE DOCTOR points at the machine. For a second it seems that
the FORETOLD are oblivious, advancing on their victims but then
as one they all turn and move towards the force-field protected
machine. THE DOCTOR sags with relief -

CUT TO:

69 **EXT. TRAIN - DAY**

69

The train now screaming through the clouds, front on fire,
debris breaking free. The planet, a desolate black rock plain
shrouded in fog is coming up fast.

CUT TO:

70 **INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

70

The FORETOLD, all clustered around THE DOCTOR's machine, their
bandages writhing around the numeric keypad like snakes.

MELLISH

What are they doing?

PROF MOORHOUSE smiles with wonder.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Saving us.

MELLISH doesn't get it.

THE DOCTOR

Random eight digit code. Chances of
accidentally pushing in the right code
- a hundred million to one.

Close on a screen on the machine reading 'PLEASE INPUT CODE'. Eight password style stars appear in the field and a big green tick appears. "ACCESS GRANTED".

CUT TO:

71 **EXT. TRAIN - DAY**

71

Jets set underneath the train kick into life and the train's nose begins to lift. The dive finally begins to level out, but it's going to be close. We're almost at ground level. Wind screams. Panels are ripped off. The smoke stack buckles and is whipped away into the maelstrom.

CUT TO:

72 **INT. VARIOUS - DAY**

72

The door shutter that PERKINS is hacking slides open. THE DOCTOR immediately runs through. He sprints through the train as it judders and shakes, closely followed by the SCIENTISTS and PERKINS.

CUT TO:

73 **INT. VAULT DOOR/CARRIAGE 24 - DAY**

73

THE DOCTOR nears the vault door, which is still open. He runs in and begins manipulating the control systems. The rest of the SCIENTISTS and PERKINS have caught up. THE DOCTOR presses a button decisively.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

74

The metal shutter they opened to get out of the lounge slides shut again, trapping all the FORETOLD within. Simultaneously the window shutters slide open, revealing buffeting clouds screaming by.

CUT TO:

75 **INT. CARRIAGE 24 - DAY**

75

THE DOCTOR sags with relief then he and the PASSENGERS are thrown reeling as the entire room convulses.

CUT TO:

76 **EXT. TRAIN - DAY**

76

The train is crash landing on a rocky black plain shrouded in fog. Masses of sparks shoot up as it's wheels gouge into the rocky ground before being ripped off. The squeal of protesting metal. The carriages concertina. Some roll or buckle in half.

CUT TO:

77 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

77

The windows of the lounge blow out, showering the FORETOLD with glass.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

78

The train finally comes to a halt in a cloud of billowing dust.

CUT TO:

79 INT. CARRIAGE 24/TOMB - DAY

79

Silence but for the groan of tortured metal. PERKINS and the SCIENTISTS struggle to their feet wincing. Just before THE DOCTOR stands, his eyes focus on his SONIC SCREWDRIVER, lying in the debris on the floor in front of him.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

There you are!

He picks it up and stands.

MELLISH

We're alive!

DR CLARKE points at the monitors, which shows CCTV of the lounge. The FORETOLD are standing motionless.

DR CLARKE

So, are they?

MR CARNIVAL is hysterical.

MR CARNIVAL

I'm sorry? So exactly *how* have you improved our situation? You've wrecked my train, crashed God knows where -

THE DOCTOR

Well beating odds of that magnitude has obviously weakened them.

MR CARNIVAL

And you know this based on what?

THE DOCTOR taps the monitor.

THE DOCTOR

Well they're showing up on cameras for one thing. But even at full strength I wouldn't fancy their chances.

PROF WAGSTAFF

What do you mean?

Close on THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
I didn't just crash us into some
random planet. This is Cromlaw.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. ROCKY PLAIN - DAY

80

Out in the fog on the dark rocky plain, dark shapes swirl. An
exhale like a sigh...

CUT TO:

81 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

81

Mist is pouring in through the broken windows. The FORETOLD
look uncertain, turning in circles, almost sniffing the air.

CUT TO:

82 INT. CARRIAGE 24/TOMB - DAY

82

The PASSENGERS react, mostly with ridicule. THE DOCTOR is busy
on the controls on the surveillance station. It's sparking.

MELLISH
Cromlaw's a myth.

THE DOCTOR
Well we are fighting myths. It seemed
appropriate.

PROF MOORHOUSE
But it's like saying we've crashed
into Narnia. Or... hell.

THE DOCTOR
Oh it's very real. This is the planet
the Daleks talk of in hushed tones.
(Beat) If they *had* a hushed tone.

MR CARNIVAL
And you brought us here.

THE DOCTOR
No. I brought *them* here. The enemy of
my enemy is my friend. Hopefully.
Because there is something hiding in
the fog of Cromlaw. Something hungry.

The whole room shakes. A roar like a furnace echoes through the
train. A beat.

THE DOCTOR
Time to leave I think.

THE DOCTOR strides out of the door - and almost falls thirty feet to rocks below. The carriage has been ripped in half and there is barely two feet of jagged floor left. The rest of the train is about fifty feet away. He teeters on the edge then jumps back into the room. He catches MR CARNIVAL's eye.

THE DOCTOR
This train is a health and safety
nightmare.

MR CARNIVAL
(to the SCIENTISTS)
He's not a mystery shopper. He's
really not.

THE DOCTOR's phone rings it's jaunty classical ringtone. THE DOCTOR answers.

THE DOCTOR
Clara. *Kind* of busy...

CLARA stands in the tomb in the blast of air from the open door looking out. She looks ashen.

CLARA
Doctor. I can see them.

THE DOCTOR looks in shock.

CLARA's point of view looking out at the pyramid. Dozens of FORETOLD are clawing their way up the pyramid toward them like spiders.

CLARA
Maisie can see them too. How soon can
you be here?

THE DOCTOR is sonicating the portal jewel above the vault door. Nothing. He looks frustrated and smacks the sonic.

THE DOCTOR
Not soon enough. What about the
sarcophagus?

Back with CLARA and MAISIE.

CLARA
We thought of that. But there's no
guarantee it'll even work. And it only
fits one of us anyway. So we decided -

MAISIE suddenly shoulder barges CLARA, knocking her into the sarcophagus. Before she can turn, MAISIE presses a button and the lid begins to close - CLARA is locked within.

THE DOCTOR
(on phone)
Clara? CLARA!

CLARA is in darkness, lit only by her phone.

CLARA

She pushed me in. Why did she-

Back with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

Hang on. I'm coming.

THE DOCTOR pockets the phone but doesn't hang up. He adjusts the sonic and points it at the portal jewel. A new shrill activation tone.

CUT TO:

83 INT. TOMB - DAY

83

Inside the sarcophagus, CLARA's face is lit only by her phone. Then, a new light. The lid begins to become translucent. CLARA can see outside.

MAISIE is sitting, back against the wall, knees up to her chin.

CLARA

Maisie? Why did you do that?

MAISIE

Might not even work. But it seemed silly both of us just... dying. So I decided: you should be the one. To at least have a chance.

CLARA

Why?

MAISIE

(shrugs)
You're more important than me.

CLARA

What? That's not true.

MAISIE

No. It is. You just have to look at some people to see it. I've not done much with my life. Don't think I ever will. Haven't got much ambition beyond a good book and a sit down. But you. You *shine*. You can just see it.

CLARA thinks.

CLARA

I couldn't have done what you just did.

MAISIE

Ha. Thanks. Ah, we're probably both going to die anyway. Well here we go.

This is because the first FORETOLD has appeared in the doorway.

CUT TO:

84 INT. VAULT DOOR/CARRAIGE 24 - DAY

84

Back with THE DOCTOR sonicing the portal jewel which finally falls from it's mount. He catches it and sonics it in his hand as he walks back into the vault.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

Okay. So you won't take us there. Take us somewhere else.

THE DOCTOR holds the jewel in the air above them and they all teleport away, taking the jewel with them.

CUT TO:

85 INT. TARDIS/TOMB - DAY

85

THE DOCTOR and the PASSENGERS teleport into the console room of the TARDIS. They look around themselves in shock. THE DOCTOR slots the portal jewel into the console. He sonics it.

THE DOCTOR

Welcome to my ship. Yes. I know: it's bigger on the - (realises) - you haven't seen the outside - scratch that. Now, search for life-signs and...

THE DOCTOR manipulates the console. Other battered and bruised PASSENGERS begin to teleport in. THE DOCTOR takes the phone from his pocket as he manipulates the console.

THE DOCTOR

Clara? You still there? I'm on my way.

In the tomb the FORETOLD are all shambling into a spotlit area under the portal stone and teleporting away. MAISIE is hiding in shock to one side. CLARA is inside the sarcophagus viewing this through the transparent door. She looks relieved.

CLARA

Doctor, it's okay. They didn't attack. They're all teleporting away somewhere.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is confused. He picks up the portal stone. It's dead. No glow.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
They're not coming through. Why aren't
they -

Back in the sarcophagus, unnoticed by CLARA, a snake of bandage has been produced by a slot in the side of the sarcophagus. It begins to wind around her ankle. The sarcophagus is a Foretold making machine!

CLARA
Doctor. Wait! There's something -

Multiple snakes of bandage begin to appear, winding around her arms, legs, chest, head. CLARA begins to struggle but it's futile.

CLARA
They're.... winding... around me.
Doctor. Help me!

Then a bandage whips around her mouth. She drops the phone and it clatters to the floor of the sarcophagus.

Back in the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is screaming into his phone.

THE DOCTOR
Clara! CLARA!

But it's too late. CLARA is covered. She has become FORETOLD CLARA. The sarcophagus opens and FORETOLD CLARA emerges, arms in front of her. MAISIE looks heart broken.

MAISIE
Clara! Clara no!

MAISIE tries to stop her, but her hands pass right through her like a ghost. FORETOLD CLARA keeps walking, following the other FORETOLD into the spotlight. She too teleports away and the jewel shuts down. MAISIE is left alone, almost in darkness. She looks in shock, then notices the phone lit up at the bottom of the sarcophagus. She snatches it up.

MAISIE
Doctor? This is Maisie -

CUT TO:

86 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

86

THE DOCTOR on the phone, listening. He finally puts down the phone, but crucially leaves it off the hook. The PASSENGERS look on. The moment hangs, then the entire TARDIS shudders.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

87

DARK MATTER is attacking the train, reminiscent of the Lost 'Smoke Monster' but with an odd cubic construction, pulsing. They're ripping huge holes in the walls. Metal groans. Glass shatters.

CUT TO:

88 INT. TARDIS - DAY

88

THE DOCTOR plucks the portal stone from the console and sonics it. The PASSENGERS look terrified.

DR TRENT

What's out there?

PROF MOORHOUSE

(warming to topic)

Well the legends of Cromlaw talk of ghost crews of crashed starships -

PROF WAGSTAFF

Not the time!

PERKINS

(to the DOCTOR)

Could they have come through but be invisible? Like the others were?

THE DOCTOR

No. We'd have seen the energy discharge. Something's wrong.

MR CARNIVAL

(hysterical)

Really? You mean other than a crashed train, killer mummies and a mythical death planet?

89 INT. LOUNGE/TARDIS - DAY

89

DARK MATTER barrels in through the window of the lounge. Think 'finale of Raiders'. It roars and smacks into the FORETOLD. One of them is instantly erased from the waist up in a flash of flame and electricity. The legs and pelvis topple. Some FORETOLD look confused, milling like zombies. Other attempt to attack, bandages unravelling as they attack. This seems to work, but only for a few seconds. They are picked off left and right as the DARK MATTER moves around the room like a wraith.

We begin a slow zoom in on one particular FORETOLD.

Back with THE DOCTOR in the console room, pacing. Talking fast.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

Think, think, think.

Why is this familiar? The Riskar.
Timid. Isolationists. Scared of the
rest of the universe. So they *hid*.
Inside their suits. Out of sync. Out
of phase. In a pocket universe.

His eye falls onto the phone on the console. The line still
open.

Back to the FORETOLD in the lounge. We're still moving ever
closer to one particular FORETOLD. It's female... Other
FORETOLD are dropping all around.

Back to THE DOCTOR in the console room. He punches a couple of
buttons frantically and sonics the phone then snatches it up.

PERKINS

What is it?

THE DOCTOR

(into phone)

Maisie. I've just sent feedback
through the phone. It should be
lighting up the control that activates
the portal.

In the tomb MAISIE notes a control hieroglyph light up.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

But this is very important. You must
wait *exactly* five minutes before
pressing it. Do you understand?

MAISIE nods.

THE DOCTOR hangs up in the light of an incoming teleportation.
It's MAISIE teleporting in.

MR CARNIVAL

He told you to wait.

THE DOCTOR is a blur on the console.

THE DOCTOR

She did wait. The TARDIS will reroute
a call from any place. *And any time*.
Clara wasn't just ringing from another
dimension. *She was ringing from the
past*. That's why Clara didn't come
through. *Because she already did*. Five
minutes ago!

In the lounge we finally reach the face of the FORETOLD in
question and pass inside the bandages to find the screaming
face of CLARA.

The DARK MATTER is looming toward her - this looks like this is it - when THE DOCTOR steps between them, portal stone in his hand. He reaches out to CLARA -

- and the DARK MATTER passes through THE DOCTOR's chest. He convulses and looks down -

- at a huge head sized hole going right through him!

Impossibly he's still seems to be alive. He touches CLARA with the portal stone - just as DARK MATTER barrels into her!

Her bandages flame up - then collapse, revealing a shimmer inside - she's been teleported from within!

The suit coils to the ground without her.

THE DOCTOR smiles in victory as the DARK MATTER engulfs him.

90 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

90

CLARA teleports into the crowded console room and almost passes out. PERKINS catches and supports her.

PERKINS
Are you alright, miss?

CLARA
The Doctor! We have to go back for the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Ah, leave him.

The PASSENGERS part to reveal THE DOCTOR wearing Erasmus Such's hologram crown. He flings it off like the Saint's halo. Of course it lands on the hat stand, spinning like a hoop.

THE DOCTOR
Let the poor man enjoy his holiday.

CLARA sags with relief and hugs him. The TARDIS judders, a reminder that they're not out of danger yet. THE DOCTOR runs to manipulate the console at speed.

THE DOCTOR
Now Cromlaw tends to laugh at the laws of physics. But then again, so do I. Hang on everyone. This could get messy.

The TARDIS actually sounds like it's straining, juddering, protesting, then -

91 **EXT. TRAIN - DAY**

91

The side of the train explodes as the TARDIS bursts out, spinning up and away into the sky.

Seconds later, the train explodes in a massive detonation. It's finally over.

FADE TO:

92 EXT. WONDER - DAY

92

The most impressive wonder so far. An immense cavern with whole cities hanging like stalactites. Beneath the cities, sun beams in the entrance of the cavern, illuminating a golden beach at the edge of a clear blue sea. Nearby, the ubiquitous train platform, where we find the TARDIS parked, and the dazed PASSENGERS wandering away. As MR CARNIVAL passes, THE DOCTOR calls out.

THE DOCTOR

This is all going in my report.

MR CARNIVAL

(furious)

For the last time. You are *not* a - oh forget it.

MR CARNIVAL strides off. THE DOCTOR grins and waves him goodbye.

We move to CLARA and MAISIE's farewell conversation. They hug then break.

CLARA

Well I think the history of Riskar needs a little rewriting. And I know just the woman to do it.

MAISIE

(wincing)

I don't know. Sitting at home *writing*? When I could be out in the field having fun?

CLARA

Won't always be like today.

MAISIE looks at CLARA oddly.

MAISIE

You call today *fun*?

CLARA thinks. Does she? This is a loaded issue for her. She looks over at THE DOCTOR, who is talking to PERKINS.

CLARA

That's a very good question.

We move to THE DOCTOR talking to PERKINS, who's looking at the TARDIS.

PERKINS

Quite a vehicle you have there,
Doctor. Did notice a couple of your
drive stacks need replacing.

THE DOCTOR

Oh you did, did you?

PERKINS

Yeah. And a job like that takes
forever. You should get someone in.

THE DOCTOR

Really? Don't suppose you'd know of
anyone?

PERKINS sucks in through his teeth like a mechanic.

PERKINS

Well, whoever you *did* get, might just
be easier to have them stay on board
for a while.

THE DOCTOR grins and holds out his hand. PERKINS shakes it.

THE DOCTOR

Do you know, one day I might just take
you up on that. Goodbye, Perkins.

PERKINS drops his facade and grins back.

PERKINS

Goodbye, Doctor.

PERKINS walks away.

CUT TO:

93 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

93

THE DOCTOR at the console. CLARA shuts the door behind her.
They're alone again. Back to normal. CLARA is a little wary.

CLARA

So. That was a close one.

THE DOCTOR scoffs.

THE DOCTOR

That? Nah. Listen: I *invented* the
million to one chance. It's where I
live.

THE DOCTOR has his back to her so he can't see her worry.

CLARA

(half to herself)
It is, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR

Yep. On the edge. It's where I do my best work.

CLARA puts on her best face and joins him at the console.

CLARA

So what exactly happened to the big baddie? That guy that owned the train?

THE DOCTOR

Hmm? Oh, I think he tried to escape into your time bubble. Can't believe I didn't spot what it was. I've been seeing them everywhere since I started looking for Gallifrey. Then I actually find one and -

CLARA

But he didn't arrive. With us.

THE DOCTOR

Oh teleporting into those things is a lottery at the best of times. He could have arrived... a day later, or a mile away.

CLARA

Luck wasn't on his side.

THE DOCTOR smiles wryly.

THE DOCTOR

No. It really wasn't. Come on: let's get you home.

He pulls a lever and the console begins to grind as they take off...

FADE TO:

94 **INT. SHOWROOM - DAY**

94

A swish looking showroom. From the style and hieroglyphic signage it feels like Riskar, but before the rot set in. Lined up in rows like fridges and covered in 'SALE' signs, dozens of sarcophagi.

Title card: 5000 YEARS AGO.

Reveal a slick SALESMAN, a close cousin in feel to MR CARNIVAL talking to an unseen customer.

SALESMAN

Well this is our latest model.
Offering complete protection,
guaranteed healing, phase shift
camouflage and our latest feature
which actually predicts and avoids
accidents.

We reveal his customer. It's ERASMUS SUCH, dressed in local
clothing and still looking deathly ill.

ERASMUS SUCH

I'll take it.

END CREDITS